

The Art of Getting Jumped

De La Soul

I was on my way to the disco
You know the club, Maseo was rocking rub that night
Midnight to four, name at the door
But the whole crew I can get in as well
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith Let this be a jam that we need not miss
Yeah, I'm already en route, no doubt
Might even jump up on the mic to make sure that this party's turned out
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line
To stand we find girls screaming the blues
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere Yo Mase, what happened here?
Go Brooklyn, yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules
Bump in that people and out come the tools
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews And that's why them dudes hearts all pumped
Done closed the club down
'Cause one of they niggaz got jumped
Jump, jump, jump to it Uh-huh, you heard the hook
No matter you Braveheart or shook
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left
Kicks to the mids relieving you of breath I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized
Some saw it coming and for others it was surprise
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the Jump, jump, jump to it
Jump, jump, jump to it Yo, when they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included
Chicks can get into it, 'specially pretty broads
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art
When you hear the, whoo, that's when the bullshit'll start It only takes a second less you got on ice
Just for wearing your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
Where your lip'll catch a hickie, girl, they'll fuck your mascara
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for having good hair
Man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots It's never one or two of 'em, they heading out in troops
Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits
Waiting for the first vic to disrespect
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the Jump, jump, jump to it
Jump, jump, jump to it
Jump, jump, jump to it
Jump, jump, jump to it It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies
And ya best believe we came to party
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew

Against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
For reasons like, not in the right part of town
Acting like you wore a crown
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
To throw signs wearing only one color scheme
And being positive is no exclusion
That's an illusion, you can still catch contusions
For flossing your hard-earned shine
I'm talking games is [Incomprehensible] the longest
Then it's some other niggaz time
You'll get beat out of your mind
Just for rage, shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage
Just for holding it down on the mic, you could be talking
Black people unite and still catch a lump from the
Jump, jump, jump to it
Jump, jump, jump to it
Jump, jump, jump to it
Yo, it's this joint, called 'The Art of Getting Jumped'
We had to put this one on the album y'know?
Yeah, this is dedicated to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fucking club
Tried to knock me senseless, they just couldn't get me
though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fucking guns, punk bastards
And that's why my ass was hiding under the bridge

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